IN

# MEMORY

OF

That Faithful DISCIPLE

OF THE

# LORD

# *WILLIAM ECHO,*

*OR*, the ſubſtance of his *Legacy* to his Friends the Lord's Day before he ſickned

Who fell aſleep in the Lord the 13 of the 8th Month 1676.

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# *In memory of that faithful Disciple of the Lord,* WILLIAM MECHO,

Or, *the substance of his* Legacy *to his Friends*, &c.

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*Ps.* 30. 4. ALL *Sions* Members should be friends in trust
To keep up some remembrance of the Just,
The Lord so order, and direct my heart,
That in his *Wisdom* I may have a part.
This gracious *Soul* that now attends upon
*Jam.*1.17. the *King* of *Kings* in his Imperial Throne:
As if he knew his *Travels* here to be
Near their full *period*, left this *Legacie*,
To his surviving friends, which here I do
Impart (though weakly) Reader, unto you.

2 *Pet.*3.18. Upon the *Lords* day ere he sickned, he
*Rev.* 3. 2. Pres'd that our graces should enliv'ned be;
*Num.*25.4 And those things strengthened, that are like to die,
That Gods just anger might be turned away.
*Mat.*24. To *Watchfulness* he strongly did exhort,
44. Least by surprize the Lord should cut us short;
*Rev.*16.15 And then to such as have *Backsliders* been,
*Pro.* 14. 4. Shew'd their damn'd state, if grace steps not between
*Hos.*14. 4. To work *Repentance*, that sin-healing *Grace*
2 *Cor.*7.9. That in the Gospel has so high a place
10. Then as that one thing needful, did discry
*Luke* 10. A Walk well pleasing to th'Allseeing eye,
42.
*Hab.*2.4.

In

In *Faith*, *Sincerity* and *Holyneſs*, *Rom.*3.28.
The threefold *Path* that leads to happineſs: *Rom.* 14.
Without the *firſt*, no man can pleaſe the Lord 23.
As he hath told us in his Holy Word; *Joſh.* 24.
And *holineſs* beſpeaks a reall Saint, 14.
Whoſe high profeſſion's *ſubſtance*, and not *paint*; 1*Cor.*1.12
*Sincerity*, a pleaſing luſtre caſts, *Pſal.*93.5.
Its ſweet unblemiſh'd beauty never waſts; *Heb.*12.14
It ſeaſons duty, and ſupplys the wants *Heb.*11.6.
Of many taking outward Ornaments: *Mat.*6.30.
Then on the other ſide he did expreſs,
The dread of being contrary to theſe,
As, *Faithleſs*, *Formal*, *Hypocritical*,
Which from the Lord for heavy Vengeance call;
For *Unbelief*'s the great condemning Sin *Heb.*3.19.
That barrs a ſoul from Heaven, and tumbles in
Millions of Spirits to a Hell of horror
To feel the Wrath of God in endleſs terror:
Therefore he that in Chriſt will have a ſhare,
Muſt of that dreadful ſin have ſpecial care,
*Hypocriſy*, though of a ſpecious hew,
Yet tis as plain, and naked to the view, *Pro.* 15. 3
And notice of the higheſt Majeſty
As are the Sunbeams to a ſeeing eye,
Therefore though ſome diſſemble to their coſt,
Yet all their labour to deceive is loſt:
How then are we concern'd to try our hearts,
Leaſt this ſad plague infect our better parts!
*Formality*'s the Alamode in faſhion;
The Lord aſſiſt us to make preparation
To 'ſcape the Judgments that the Lord will reach
To ſuch profaners of his name; that teach
Men empty forms of *Godlyneſs*, but want
The *power* of Faith, the bleſſed'ſt *Ornament*. 2*Tim.*3.15.

About an hour before he yielded up
His breath, and longing with his Chriſt to ſup;
He with great Courage ſtriv'd to enter at
The narrow Portals of the ſtraiter Gate;
Courting th'attention of his Auditory
To ſing forth Praiſes to their Makers glory; *pſal.* 10.4.

1 *Cor.* 15. 22. That when Rebellious, Sinful Man had loſt
His Makers Image, and no other *Coſt*
Could re-inſtamp it, but the bloud o' th' Lamb;
*Phil.* 2. 7. He in the form of a poor *Sinner* came,
To clear *Believers* from that horrid guilt,
And cleanſe his Creatures from a Sink of filth;
*Tit.* 3. 5. The glorious working of *Regeneration*,
He told us muſt be th'only *preparation*
To fit us Mortals for *Divine Communion*,
With God in Chriſt through the bleſt Spirits *Union*.
*Iſa.* 48. 10. He told us that for bleſſed ends our God
Makes us acquainted with *afflictions* Rod;
*Pſal.* 23. 4. The *Staff* of his ſupport he found always
Afforded matter for his Saviours praiſe.
For his *Relations* both in fleſh and ſpirit,
He pray'd that they thoſe graces ſhould inherit,
Which *Chriſt* beſtows upon the faithful ſoul
That leaves himſelf, and will on *Mercy* role.
*Iſai* 55. 7. He ſaw his *Sins* before him largely ſpread,
*Micah* 7. 18. Yet all in *Chriſt* bloud freely pardoned.
He with great fervour did beholders call,
To be joyn'd to the *Body* myſtical;
For though ſome bones ſeem to be out of Joynt,
1 *John* 2. 27. *Chriſt* has a ſaving vertue to anoynt,
Till they are ſound. He ſaid none could endure
*Jer.* 8. 22. Unto the end, unleſs their ſtanding's ſure
*Mat.* 7. 24, 25, 26, 27. Upon the *Rock* of *Ages*, Winds will toſs
All other bottoms with a diſmal loſs.
Nothing but that, (and that) will ſurely ſave,
If we an Intereſt int's *Attonement* have;
He did exhort us to amend our *pace*,
*Heb.* 12. 1. And not to loyter in our Chriſtian *race*;
*Eph.* 5. 16. For times a ſliding Talent, and grim Death,
We know not when will take away this breath
1 *Cor.* 15. 55, 56. That's now ſo laviſht. O the ſting of horror!
That doth attend this mighty King of terror
But if it once be took away, the ſame
Is onely ſleeping by another name.
Now you that hear theſe weighty dying words
And ſavour what this *Legacy* affords,
That ſhape your Journey through the path of grace,
Till you converſe with *Jeſus* face to face.

In

In real hearty *ſenſe* with me lament
The miſ-improvement of a talent lent;
O that our hearts were ſeaſoned, that we may
Do all our work whilſt it is call'd to day.
His love was univerſal, could he find
The ſmalleſt ſymptons of an honeſt mind;
He truly follows in his ſteps, that hath
His love in ſpecial for the houſe of *faith*;
And makes Relation unto *Chriſt* the rule
Of his affection unto every ſoul;
And not the fameneſs of *Opinion*,
He was for *healing*, not *diviſion*:
A pow'rful Wreſtler *Jacob*-like in prayer, Gen. 32.26
For *Sions* breaches, and its quick repair:
A divine ſavour did adorn his ſpeech, Eph. 4.29.
Miniſtring grace unto the perſons, which
Took councel with him. Oh how few are found
Like him! But *Chriſt* is healing for the *wound*:
He is the great repairer of our breaches,
And Soul-Phyſitian, that can healing teach us.

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## EPITAPH.

*Here lyes a holy man intomb'd in duſt,*
*Until the Reſurrection of the Juſt.*
*His love was dear to Chriſt, and's Intereſt;*
*His ſoul's gone hence, but to be further bleſt.*

# A DIALOGUE

## Upon this Occaſion

BETWIXT

## SENSE and FAITH.

*Senſe.*

*Jer.* 9. 1. *Pſa.* 10. 7. 2 *Sam.* 6. 26.

O That my head were waters, and mine eyes
A Well of tears to weep his Obſequies;
His dear remembrance calls for ſome arrears,
Which muſt be paid him in a flood of tears;
Where love is mutual and of equal force,
'Tis cutting grief to feel a quick *Divorce.*

*Faith.*

*Mat.* 10. 28. 2 *Sam.* 12. 23.

*Forbear miſtaken* Senſe, *thy fruitleſs crys*
*Beſpeak impatience; 'tis but Fleſh that dyes*
*His active Spirit is advanc'd, you know*
*He is but gone where you muſt quickly goe.*
*Pale death's the portal, that lets into Glory,*
*Our Writ of Eaſe from all things tranſitory.*

*Senſe.*

He is but gone; that ſoul dividing word
Begets more terror then the ſharpeſt ſword,
I dy by halves, why did not deaths arreſt
As well as his, reach my tormented breſt?
'Tis but the rage of unappeaſed Hoſts,
To tear inſunder our expiring Ghoſts.

*Faith.*

*Theſe exclamations, this thy fond deſire,*
*Is paſſion dreſt in paſſionate attire!*
*His work was done; thou art not ripe for Heaven,*
*Thy longer ſpace is for Repentance given,*
*Thou may'ſt be quickly lifeleſs, 'tis Gods grace*
*To take the fit, and leave th' unfit a ſpace.*

*Rev.* 2. 21.

Senſe

*Senſe.*

If gaſping *Sion* muſt endure ſuch rubs,
When *Cedars* fall, what will become of *Shrubs*?
Or if ſucceſſive blows our ſtrength muſt break,
How ſhall our walls be manned by the weak?
If men of prayers muſt thus cut off be,
*Sion* will looſe its beſt Artillery,

Faith.

*Can* Sion *fear, or overthrow, or harm,* *Pſal.* 136.
*When great* Jehovahs *ſtrong out-ſtreched Arm* 12.
*Becomes its Bulwark? can we fear a want* *Deut.*4.34
*Of leaders, when Gods ſo by Covenant?* *Deut.*11.2
*Although our Lord doth home ſome ſervants call,* *Exod.*6.7.
*He ſtill ſupplys us, and is All in All.* *Ex.* 19. 5.

*Senſe.*

Ah! but how oftendo our ſins provoke
The Lord in judgment to repeat his ſtroke!
Who can but ſhake in ſtorms? can it be hop'd
The Church can ſtand, when it is thus unpropt?
Ah how my troubled Soul's amaz'd to think
That fainting *Sion* will like *Peter*, ſink. *Mat.* 14. 30.

Faith.

*All muſt once die, the Prophets have you ſee* *Heb.*9.27.
*No patent for their immortality;* *Zach.* 1.5.
*When they've done that for which they hither came,* *Mat.* 3.9.
*God can of ſtones raiſe ſons for* Abraham; *Mat.* 14.
*When* Peter *ſinks, Chriſt is at hand to heave him* 31.
*And by his promiſe he will never leave him.* *Luke* 22.
*Senſe.* 32.

Gods hand is heavy, and his Anger's ſore.
His frowns are deadly, and his ſtrokes much more,
Such mortal viſitations have a voice,
To make friends mourn, and enemies rejoyce,
What temper's ſo well ſet, but will be ſoon
(As broken ſtrings make muſick) out of tune?

Faith.

*As tender parents exerciſe the rod,* *Heb.* 12.8.
*Not to deſtroy, but to reform, ſo God* 1 *John*3.1.
*Is pleaſed to manage his rebukes, he hath* 1 *John*4.8.
*Full ſhow'rs of love, as well as drops of wrath* *Rev.* 3.9.
*Gracious effects he gives of ſeeming croſſes,* *Mat.* 10.
*A future purchaſe by our preſent loſſes,* 39.

*Sense.*

Mine eyes must vent my grief upon his Herse,
He weeps in earnest, that does weep in verse:
2 *Sam.* 6. 26. When *Jonathan* was slain, a Royal eye
In doleful accents wept his *Elegy*.
So must I take like priviledge to mourn
In Ink, as well as Tears, upon his Urn.

*Faith.*

*The time consum'd in fruitless crys was lent*
*Not for such waste, but to be better spent.*
*If thou wilt murmur when the Lord do's strike,*
*The Rod provok'd may treat thee with the like.*
*In Faith and Patience wait, times almost come*
*T' Exchange this frail, for an eternal home.*

*What needs this grief? if God will take his due,*
*I will not murmur, as some mourners do.*
*Lord he was thine, and to the earth but lent,*
*Let none repine, if for your own you sent;*
*I s't be severe t' extinguish such a light,*
*Ah! 'twas our sin procur'd it, for we might*
*Make more of mercies which are sent for gain.*

*Men when full fed have little sence of pain:*
*Eternal Parent, mollifie our doom,*
*Correct thy Children, but do not consume:*
*How blacks the cloud that menaces a shower!*
*O shelter* Sion *by thy mighty power.*

*That so protected we may sing always*
*David-like* Hallelujahs *to thy praise.*

FINIS.

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